

# ALL DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS

Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES. Being large producers, Dunkerley & Franks are enabled to offer them at astonishingly low prices. 7, Swan Street, New Cross, Manchester.

THE  
CHEAPEST  
WHOLESALE  
HOUSE  
IN THE  
QUEENDOM

Manchester  
TOBACCO  
COMPANY,  
CENTRAL STORES,  
51,  
SHUDEHILL.

Nearly opposite  
the Market Entrance  
and facing  
Thomas Street

NOTE OUR  
PRICES  
ON THE  
CASH SYSTEM  
SUPERIOR

**Black Roll**

3/4 by the Roll,  
5/5 by the Pound.

FINE  
UNSURPASSED  
**Chester,**

5/5 by the Pound.

ALL PRICES  
PROPORTIONATE  
AT THE

Manchester  
TOBACCO  
COMPANY.

NO ADVANCE  
UPON  
CIGARS, SHUFFS,  
&c.

Pipes, Matches,  
Cigarettes, Fancy  
Goods, and all  
Tobaccoists' Re-  
quisites, at the very  
lowest market rate.

**CIGARS**  
FROM  
Five Shillings  
UPWARDS.



## WAGSTAFF'S PATENT SADDLE AND CYLINDRICAL BOILERS

(Awarded Six Silver Medals).  
FOR HEATING CHURCHES, CHAPELS, SCHOOLS, CONSERVATORIES, GREENHOUSES, &c.  
Plans and Estimates Gratis, and Efficiency Guaranteed.  
Price Lists, Prospectus, and Testimonials Free on Application.  
Boilers requiring no Brickwork, to heat 100 feet of 4-inch pipes, price £3. 15s.

J. G. WAGSTAFF,

ALBERT IRON WORKS, DUKINFIELD.



The burning thirst  
of Fever, Sick-  
headache, Billi-  
ousness and  
Indigestion,  
are speedily re-  
lieved by

**JOHNSON'S**

FEBRIFUGE,

AN  
Effervescent Saline.

1,

BARTON ARCADE,  
And all Chemists.

**GRIFFITHS**

104,

DEANS GATE

(Opposite Kendal,  
Milne, & Co's),

**WATCHMAKER**

AND

**JEWELLER,**

Begs to call atten-  
tion to his entire  
Stock of

**NEW GOODS,**

GEM RINGS,

MARBLE CLOCKS,

Electro Plate,

SILVER

**JEWELLERY,**

&c.

**GREY & SHAW,**  
(Late Lamb & Co.)

**TOBACCO**

AND

**CIGARETTE**

MANUFACTURERS.

And Importers of the

**FINEST FOREIGN**

**CIGARS,**

Wholesale & Retail,

INDIA BUILDINGS,

14, CROSS ST.,

Manchester,

Near the Royal Ex-  
change.

TRY THE PURE

**GOLDEN VIRGINIA,**

Suitable for Pipes or

Cigarettes,

6d. per oz.

Ten per cent Reduc-  
tion on all Purchases

of Cigars of £3 and  
upwards.



# CITY



# JACKDAW



CENTRAL INDIA-RUBBER DEPOT,  
3, ALBION STREET, GAYTHORN.

THE BUSINESS DISPOSED OF.

THE GOODS MUST BE CLEARED BY THE END OF THIS MONTH.

REMAINS OF STOCK AT AN ENORMOUS REDUCTION.

THOMAS ARMSTRONG AND BROTHER,  
OPTICIANS TO THE ROYAL EYE HOSPITAL,  
88 & 90, DEANS GATE, MANCHESTER.

Spectacles carefully Adapted to all Defects of Vision.

Artificial Eyes carefully Fitted.

**CHIRETTA BALSAM**

relieves the most violent COUGH, cures BRONCHITIS in its worst form, is 1s. 4d. per Bottle. Patentee,  
METHUEN (late Bowker and Methuen), 692, DEANS GATE. Sold by most Chemists.

ESTABLISHED  
116 YEARS.

KENT'S  
CELEBRATED  
WATCHES.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.

DEANS GATE.  
70,

PRIZE MEDALS:—MANCHESTER, STALYBRIDGE, MANCHESTER, AND SOUTHPORT.

# WEIGHING MACHINERY,

OF ALL POWERS AND DIMENSIONS.

*CRANES, TURNTABLES, AND CASTINGS,*

AT

# HODGSON AND STEAD'S,

EGERTON IRON WORKS,

WINDSOR STREET, REGENT ROAD,

**SALFORD.**

ESTABLISHED 1852.

PRICES, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND SPECIAL TENDERS ON APPLICATION  
TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS.

## DEPOTS:—

### LONDON:

MANSION HOUSE CHAMBERS,  
11, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, CITY.

### YORKSHIRE:

BRADFORD ROAD, DEWSBURY.

### SOUTH WALES AND FOREST OF DEAN:

DOCK STREET, NEWPORT, MON.

### DERBY

61, UTTOXETER NEW ROAD.

AND

ROYAL EXCHANGE, MIDDLESBRO'.

**W. WHITTER,**  
**PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER & BUILDER,**  
 SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKSPERE STREET,  
 ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

BROUGHAMS, COACHES, SOCIABLE LANDAUS, AND PATENT SAFETYS BUILT ON THE LATEST AND MOST APPROVED PRINCIPLES, WITH  
 BEST SEASONED MATERIALS AND WORKMANSHIP.

ESTIMATES GIVEN FOR ALL KINDS OF NEW WORK OR REPAIRS, AND DRAWINGS SENT TO ANY PART.

Awarded Prize Medals for Improvements and Designs in Carriages.

**ESTABLISHED FORTY YEARS.**

**STANTON'S CELEBRATED COUGH PILLS** are universally acknowledged to be the best for the speedy cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Consumption, and all Diseases of the Chest and Lungs.—**W. MATHER**, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.; and 109, Chester Road, Manchester. In boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

CAUTION.—“W. MATHER, Chester Road, Manchester,” on the Government stamp round every box. Sent post free for 16 stamps.



**MATHER'S ORIENTAL ROSE CREAM**, extracted from the choicest Rose Leaves, removes scurf, strengthens and imparts a gloss (without the use of pomades) to the hair, and prevents baldness, even restoring the growth in many cases which appear hopeless.

Sold by all Chemists, in bottles, at 1s., 2s. 6d., and 5s. each.

**WILLIAM MATHER**, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.; 84, Corporation Street, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.

**REGISTERED.**



**MATHER'S NEW INFANTS' FEEDING BOTTLE, THE PRINCESS**, is unique in shape, and possesses advantages over all others; is a combination of the flat and upright feeding bottles; is perfect in action, and simple in construction; can be placed in any position without danger or leakage; can be emptied of its contents to the last drop.

Sold by all Chemists at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. each.

**HEALTH, TONE, AND VIGOUR.**

THE LATE



For Strengthening  
the Nerves

And Purifying  
the Blood.

Highly recommended for the Loss of Nervous and Physical Force; pleasant to the taste, perfectly harmless, and possessing highly reanimating properties. Its influence on the Secretions and Functions is speedily manifested; and in all cases of Debility, Nervousness, Depression, and Premature Exhaustion, resulting from overtaxed or abused energies of body or mind, it will be found an invaluable remedy, restoring health, strength, and vigour. It may be taken with perfect confidence and safety by the most delicate and timid of either sex, being guaranteed totally free from any injurious preparation whatever. It removes pimples, blotches, purifies the blood, gives new life, sound and refreshing sleep, and restores the constitution to health and vigour in a short time.

Sold by most Chemists at 2/9, 4/6, 11/-, and 22/- per Bottle; or sent on receipt of price by  
**E. HILTON & CO., 9, Lower Belgrave Street, London.**

CAUTION.—See that the words “Sir A. Cooper's Vital Restorative” are blown in each bottle, and that our Trade Mark, as above, is on the label, without which it cannot be genuine.

**BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS.**

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT AGENT,

**W. MATHER, MANCHESTER,**

And all the Wholesale Houses.

**MATHER'S FAMILY MARKING INK**, for Linen, Cotton, Silk, &c. Warranted Permanent. Without Preparation. Sold in Bottles, at 6d. and 1s. each, by all Chemists and Stationers everywhere.



**MATHER'S CHEMICAL FLY PAPERS**, for Poisoning Flies, Wasps, Ants, and Mosquitoes. 12 Sheets sent post free for 6 stamps.

**WILLIAM MATHER**, Farringdon Road, London, E.C.; 84, Corporation Street, and 109, Chester Road, Manchester.



**MATHER'S ROYAL BALSAMIC PLASTERS** (as supplied to the Army and Navy at Scutari Hospital).

Sold by all Chemists, at 1d., 2d., 4d., 6d., and 8d. each.

Caution: Every plaster has the Proprietor's Signature, Trade Mark, and Address on the back, in blue ink.



**MATHER'S ARNICATED FELT CORN AND BUNION PLASTERS.** Sold by all

Chemists. Corn Plasters at 6d. per dozen; Bunion

Plasters, 1s. per dozen.

**THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.—ALES AND STOUTS DRAWN FROM THE WOOD.**

**THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.—BEGG'S ROYAL LOCHNAGAR WHISKY.**

**THE STOCK EXCHANGE LUNCHEON BAR.—Entrances: STRUTT STREET AND BACK POOL FOLD, CROSS STREET. THOROUGHLY CLEANSED AND BEAUTIFIED.**  
 Chops, Steaks, Luncheons, Dinners, and Teas. Wines and Spirits. Choice Cigars.  
**J. G. SMITH, Proprietor.**

THE

**“VACCINATION VILLANY,”**

AND

**“HOW TO LIVE ON SIXPENCE A DAY.”**

**Dr. NICHOLS, of London,**

**IN ALEXANDRA HALL,**

**On SUNDAY, at Three and Seven.**

**T. STENSBY,**

**GUN AND PISTOL MAKER,**

**11, HANGING DITCH.**

Established 1810.

Established 1810.

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.'S**

CENTRAL WINDOW BLIND WORKS, DENSGATE (Corner of St. John Street).—VENETIAN, CANE, & WIRE BLINDS.—VENETIAN: Best quality, 4d. per foot, warranted; Old Blinds Repaired, Taped, &c., equal to new, 4s. 6d. each up to 18 square feet. All Blinds Fitted with Carr's Patent Woven Tape, no sewing required; all Blinds fixed free of Charge within three miles of Manchester.



# ALMOND BROTHERS, IRONMONGERS.

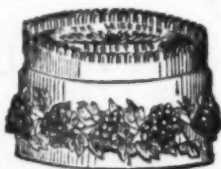
The Shop for Parties Furnishing, at Prices Unsurpassed.  
129, STRETFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER, & 28, HIGH ST., KEIGHLEY.

## THE CITY JACKDAW.

JUNE 26, 1877.

4

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

### NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

Wholesale London, Birmingham, Sheffield, and Foreign  
**FANCY GOODS WAREHOUSEMEN,**  
**JOHN BOYD & CO.,**  
Have REMOVED from 17 & 19, Thomas Street, to New  
and More Extensive Premises, situated  
**MASON STREET, SWAN STREET,**  
WHERE AN EARLY VISIT IS SOLICITED.

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—*Lavater.*



### CONTRA-SEPTINE

Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

Wholesale and Retail: J. WOOLLEY, SONS, & CO., Chemists, &c., Market Street, Manchester.

## JOHN ASHWORTH & CO.,

Wholesale Jewellers, Clock and Watch Manufacturers, and Importers.

New Premises Corner of High Street, and Thomas Street,  
Shudehill, Manchester.

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes, &c.; Electro-plated Tea and Coffee Services, Cruets, Forks, Spoons, &c.; Gold and Silver Watches, 9, 15, and 18-carat Hall-marked Alberts; and a General Stock to suit the requirements of the Trade.

### JAPANESE CURTAINS.

L. SMITH & CO. have just Purchased a Large Lot of these Articles at very Low Prices, and are now offering them at 2/3, 3/3, 4/-, 6/-, 7/-, 8/-, 12/-, 14/-, & 30/- per pair.—6, JOHN DALTON STREET, MANCHESTER.

## D. JUGLA, COURT GLOVER,

51, DEANS GATE (BARTON ARCADE),  
MANCHESTER.  
IS NOW SHOWING THE LATEST  
PARIS NOVELTIES IN LADIES' & GENTLEMEN'S TIES, SCARFS, &c.  
A Large Assortment of his Renowned  
**PARIS KID GLOVES.**  
Great Success of the Patent  
**GAUNTLETS AND DUCHESSE GLOVES.**  
**FANS—A SPECIALTY.**  
AGENT FOR ED. PINAUD, PARIS SELECTED PERFUMERY.

### D. JUGLA'S

BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS:  
PARIS, LONDON, LIVERPOOL, NEW YORK, AND PHILADELPHIA.  
Glove Manufactory—2, RUE FAVART, PARIS.  
Card of Samples of Colours and Price List of Gloves sent post free on application.

## LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the Largest Assortment of  
**DINING AND DRAWING ROOM CLOCKS AND BRONZES**  
Suitable for Presentation.  
Every Description of Jewellery, 15 & 18 carat Government Stamp.  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts. Cutlery and Electro-plate,  
from the very best makers.  
**HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.**

### SELECT TESTIMONIALS.

Rev. Dr. Holden, D.D., Durham, writes:—

"I continue to use Contra-Septine with great satisfaction. . . . It is the most efficient and agreeable wash that I have ever used."

"Dr. —, Edinburgh, with compliments to the proprietors of Contra-Septine, has tried and recommended to others the use of the Contra-Septine. The proprietors, however, must excuse him not allowing his name to be used in reference to it on advertisements, &c."

An Eminent Dentist, under date October 23, 1877, writes:—

"I have used Contra-Septine several times, and find it a very efficacious preparation, a powerful astringent, and well calculated to induce a healthy action of the gums, especially when disturbance is caused by decayed or diseased teeth."

W. Bowman Macleod, Edinburgh, writes:—

"Before receiving your sample, I had directed my attention to your Contra-Septine, and had formed a decidedly favourable opinion of it. It is the most agreeable carbolic preparation I know, and a thoroughly good dentifrice. It is of special use where artificial teeth are worn above natural roots, and also as a Mouth Wash for children who suffer from alveolar abscesses—popularly known as gum-boils."

Mr. Ros, Dentist, Blackett Street, Newcastle, says:—

"Contra-Septine has proved the most effectual Mouth Wash I have ever myself used or prescribed to my patients."

"He who pays no attention to his Teeth, by this single neglect betrays vulgar sentiments."—*Lavater.*



### CONTRA-SEPTINE

Is a concentrated Mouth Wash, 10 to 20 drops of which, with half a wine glassful of water, used daily, constitutes a most efficacious means for preserving the Teeth from decay—for arresting decay where it has commenced—for purifying the Breath, and for producing in the Mouth a sense of wholesome freshness. Used habitually, CONTRA-SEPTINE is a sure preventative of Neuralgia and Toothache, and as such should be employed both by old and young. In short, CONTRA-SEPTINE is at once a luxury and a necessity to the completely furnished Toilet Table.

Cases 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 8s. each. Sold by Chemists and Perfumers everywhere.

THE NEW SHOP FOR BERLIN & ART NEEDLEWORK, VICTORIA BUILDINGS, VICTORIA STREET.—The newest styles and moderate prices. All materials and every appliance for Fancy Needlework. Ladies of Manchester are invited to call. **WILLIAM ATKINSON, Proprietor.**

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. III.—No. 137.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1878.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## HOW TO LIVE ON NOTHING A DAY.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

THE other day, Brown, and the author of this valuable contribution to the science of domestic economy, were dining at the club, and, in the intervals of eating, lamented the badness of trade, and the general depression of the money market.

"By-the-bye," said Brown, suddenly, "have you seen those letters in the *Guardian* about living on sixpence a day? It strikes me that this would be a capital thing to go in for, now that everything we ordinarily use is getting so expensive, and the money to buy it with less and less plentiful. Here you see we are spending three-and-six each on our dinner alone, not including the half-pint of claret which brings it up to four-and-six. Add to that the cost of breakfast and supper, besides sundry 'tips' and various smokes during the day, and you will find that our total diurnal expenditure on food, tobacco, and drink, is not less than eight-and-six a day, or, including Sundays—two pounds nineteen-and-six a week. Suppose we call it two-ten to be within the mark. Now if we were to adopt the plan of sixpence a day, we should actually save two pounds six-and-sixpence a week, or over a hundred-and-twenty a year, which in ten years, at five per cent, would produce thirteen or fourteen hundred pounds, leaving out the compound interest. Thus, you see a man beginning at twenty-five might, in the course of his ordinary working life, say thirty years, save enough money on his eating and drinking alone, to keep him for the rest of his days in comfort. What do you say, shall we have a try at the business?"

"H'm," said I, rather dubiously; "your calculations are fascinating in the extreme. But suppose the man killed himself with this dietary in the first five years?"

"Well, he would at any rate be freed from any further annoyance on 'Change. Besides, what is death? Death is simply a stoppage of a capacity for receiving further nutriment."

"That is not particularly conclusive," said I; "but I am willing to make a trial of the plan for a month, and longer if it succeeds. Perhaps, however, we had better experiment on ourselves before we begin to peddle on our families."

To this we agreed, and we there and then "swore off" all kinds or quantities of food that cost us more than sixpence a day, adopting at the same time a dietary which we were both to follow. It will, therefore, be understood that in narrating my experience I am also giving Brown's.

I believe my wife did call me an old fool, but I didn't marry her because she was a philosopheress.

So the next day I started with the new régime. I had a porridge of oatmeal and milk and a piece of dry bread for my breakfast, the cost of this being about three farthings; for dinner I had some boiled cabbage and potatoes, a red herring, and an apple, at a cost of twopence; for tea I had a bowl of milk and bread, which cost a penny; for supper a piece of bread, a little bacon, and a morsel of cheese, of which the value was a penny farthing, and, after supper, I took a glass of beer—from my own barrel—and two pipes of tobacco, which made another penny, the total thus amounting to exactly sixpence.

This diet I continued for a week, and at the end of that time found myself growing alarmingly stout. So I went to consult Brown. He was half again as big as me.

"My dear boy," said Brown, "this will never do, we are eating far too much, and our food is much too luxurious. We must revise and reduce our dietary." And we did so.

So for the next week I had, for breakfast, oatmeal, with only a little milk, cost a halfpenny; dinner, two mealy potatoes, a sardine, an orange and bread, cost three halfpence; tea, bread and milk again, but less of

it, cost a halfpenny; supper, bread and cheese, three farthings. After supper I again had a glass of beer and one pipe of tobacco, at a cost of three farthings, making a grand total for the day's nourishment of fourpence.

This also, as I say, I tried for a week. At the end of that time I had got so stout that my clothes all had to be let out. So I went to consult Brown. He was now double my size, and had had to be measured for an entirely new set of clothes, all the old ones having literally burst.

"The fact is, my boy," said Brown, "we are doing the thing too extravagantly altogether. If we are to go in for cheap living let us do it properly, and not be cramming ourselves with food to this extent. We must again revise our dietary, and abandon the limit of a month for trial.' So we revised and reduced our dietary again.

The following week we went into the matter in good earnest. For breakfast I had some oatmeal and water—abandoning the milk—of which the cost was a farthing only; for dinner, two potatoes, bread, and beef dripping, cost a penny; for tea, boiled bread and water, with a little sugar to flavour it, cost rather over a farthing; supper, bread and an onion, cost a farthing; after supper, beer and a pipe, cost three farthings; making, altogether, twopence halfpenny per day, or one shilling and fivepence halfpenny per week.

At the end of this week I had not increased in bulk, though there still was a visible addition of flesh. But I found that I was growing as strong as a horse; so strong, indeed, that I began to fear there was something serious the matter with me, and that the apparent strength would be as transitory as that of a person in fits. So I went to consult Brown.

I found him in the back garden throwing up hundred pound weights and catching them on his extended arm, which did not bend with the weight a hair's breadth. He assured me that his favourite amusement now was that of carrying the garden roller—weighing about four hundred weight—up and down the garden on his shoulder.

"The result of our experiment," said he, "is gratifying in the extreme;" but it also proves that we could do with far less nutriment than we are now taking. In fact, it is more than evident that our first scale was ridiculously extravagant, and that still further reduction in our dietary is needed. We ought also to knock off the beer and tobacco, which are not necessary to the sustenance of the human body."

So we revised the dietary scale again, and knocked off the beer and tobacco.

The following week my daily food consisted of bread and water for breakfast, one farthing; dinner, one potato, bread, and three cherries, one halfpenny; tea, milk and bread, another halfpenny; and supper, a handful of boiled maize and sugar, one farthing. Total cost, three halfpence. At the end of seven days I weighed over two hundred pounds, and was able to bend bars of iron an inch in diameter with two little fingers. So I went again to consult Brown.

I found him in the garden, carrying the summer house—weighing about six hundredweight—from one end of the place to the other, on his back. He also had three of the hundred pound weights between his teeth to save the time which would have been occupied in going to fetch them specially.

"Now look here, old man," said Brown; "we are actually spending three halfpence a day, or tenpence halfpenny a week, on food. It is perfectly ridiculous, and criminally wasteful. Let us reduce our dietary once more." And we did so.

For the next week, I had, for breakfast, bruised wheat boiled in water, one-eighth of a penny; dinner, bread and an apple, one farthing; tea, made of nettles, and a walnut, one-eighth of a penny; and supper, nothing; total cost of the day's provisions, one halfpenny. At the end of that time I began seriously to fear an attack of apoplexy on account of my

NOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Levenshulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d. each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

increasing stoutness. My strength was also enormous, and I walked about the streets twiddling a flag stone between my finger and thumb. So I went to consult Brown again.

He was not in the garden this time. A steam locomotive, drawn on a lorry by twenty horses, had accidentally fallen off in the next street, and Brown had gone out to pick it up and replace it on the lorry. Presently he came back.

"Well," said he, "all these nibbling alterations in the dietary are clearly of no use, and we have all this time been wasting an awful lot of money. Let us once for all reduce the dietary to something like natural limit." And we did so.

On the following Monday I took a walk out to a farm near Manchester, and for a penny got the farmer's boy to give me about ten pounds of chestnuts which were lying on the ground, and eaten only by the pigs. Every morning I ate six of these chestnuts and then drank a pint of water. The water made the chestnuts swell, and fill me up completely, so that I required no more food for the day. The total cost of this nutritious and filling diet was one-sixteenth of a penny per diem. Still I got stouter, and the house literally trembled beneath my ponderous tread. So I went to consult Brown. He was engaged in pulling up with his hands an old oak which had been in the ground for some hundreds of years, and whose foliage kept the sun from the flowers. He now weighed exactly twenty-two stone, against nine stone when he began to live on sixpence a day.

"The fact is," said he, "we must give up stuffing ourselves with food like this every day. I think it will be quite sufficient if we take a chestnut or two once a week." And we revised our dietary scale on this basis.

We soon found, however, that a chestnut a week meant over-loading the stomach with food, and that, besides, chestnuts were too fattening. We therefore decided to limit ourselves to a grain of canary seed every second week.

This, at present, is our diet, and it costs nothing, for the canary is quite agreeable to spare one grain a fortnight. Both Brown and I are wonderfully well, and stronger than ever, and we expect in a short time, after we have habituated ourselves to a spare diet, to be able to do with a grain of mustard seed per month.

I trust, therefore, that society will follow our example; and not be led away by the people who write to the *Guardian*, and are evidently trying to sap the morals of the community, by advocating the shameful and unnecessary expenditure of sixpence a day on food.

#### BEN DIZZY'S ADVENTURES.

**B**EN DIZZY he stood at Britannia's gate,  
He stood by an iron steed;  
When up came an Indian Empress great,  
And she wished Ben Dizzy God-speed.

"Oh! where are you going, Ben Dizzy?" she said,  
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.

"I'm going, sweet India maid,  
To a Congress beyond the sea!"

"When will you be back, Ben Dizzy?" she said,  
"When will you be back?" said she.

"In a week or two, or three, or four,  
When I've licked them at di-plo-macy."

"May I go with you, Ben Dizzy?" she said,  
"May I go with you?" said she—

"Those dear native troops at Malta, you know,  
I very much want just to see."

"Your Imperial Highness may go if you wish,  
But it must not be along with me;  
For the Crown must remain at the head of the State  
When the Cabinet's over the sea."

He had scarcely been gone four weeks and a day,  
When he'd chewed up di-plo-macy,  
Then his head it was turned again to these Isles,  
These hives of Hindus-tory

So he rode and he rode on his iron steed,  
Till he came to a great London mound,  
And there, lo! he saw a funeral pile,  
And the people all standing around.

"Oh! who is dead?" Ben Dizzy he said,

"Oh! who then is dead?" said he;

"A Lady is dead," the people all said,

"And they called her the Tory Party."

[Not yet content, our correspondent sends us sundry other verses of a similar kind; but, though we don't like to sit on genius, we cannot find room for any more.—Ed. *City Jackdaw*.]

#### DOMESTIC PAPERS.—No. IV.

[BY A FAMILY MAN.]

**G**OOD morning, my dear young friend, so at last you are back from the wedding trip. And how have you enjoyed yourself? Charming! Well, that's right. At least you *think* so. Good gracious! what does that mean? Don't you *know* whether you have enjoyed yourself or not? Ah, I see what it is. You and Angelina have now been together for two whole weeks, and both of you have found out that all is not gold that glitters. You have discovered that Angy, despite her celestially-suggestive name, is not exactly fitted, without further preparation, to enter at once into the mansions of Paradise. She, on her part, has found out that, so far from being a genius as she believed you to be, you are merely a very commonplace and somewhat lackadaisical sort of youth, who may possibly set the Thames on fire, but not until a stream of oil runs between the banks instead of a stream of mud and water. Of course you don't admit this; in fact, neither of you quite realise it yet. I give you another fortnight to do that. All either of you now know is that you both have a vague feeling of disenchantment, and in addition to that I am sure there must have been some little *contretemps*, the effect of which has not yet subsided. Nothing of the kind? Ah well, I was mistaken, though it's not often I am in these matters. The disagreement was not worth mentioning? Oh, there was a disagreement was there? I thought I hadn't made a mistake. Well, what was it about? Wanted you to promise to give up smoking altogether, did she? And you didn't want to? Of course you didn't, you would naturally tell her to go to another place before you'd do that. But you *did* promise? Why, my asinine young friend, whose portentous ears grow longer every day, do you actually mean to tell me that you have tamely and basely given up your birthright in this matter, without even a mess of pottage in exchange, I warrant? A splendid beginning you've made, certainly! But she cried when you refused, did she? and you hadn't the heart to vex her? Poor dear thing, of course you hadn't! and no doubt she threatened that you should be sent to bed without any supper if you didn't mind your P's and Q's! Well, of all the egregious young dodipoles that ever I came across you are beyond all comparison the worst. Don't you know, or haven't you at least read, that women are exactly like crocodiles, which shed the most pathetic tears just before they destroy you? However, I'm not going to let you rush headlong into slavery while it is in my power to stop your mad career. Now just do as I tell you. Where's your pipe? Given it up to Angelina have you? Never mind, I have two or three in my pocket. Now take this one and fill it. I will do the same with another, and we will both puff away in this room till the place is so crowded with the smoke that we shall each be invisible to the other. You don't like to do it, and you're afraid Angy will accuse you of breaking your promise and telling her a lie? Bah! no doubt she will, but what of that. Just tell her plainly that if she doesn't like the smell of smoke she had better go and live in the cellar, or in the cockloft, or drown herself in the cistern. If once she understands that you are determined to be master in your own house she won't bother you much more in this way. But I entertain the most gloomy fears for your future state. You are so weak-minded, so amiably imbecile, that only a woman who is as foolish as you yourself are could fail to twist your round her little finger just as she pleased. Still, let us begin, here is a light. Now puff and blow away, we must have the room full of smoke before she comes in. Ah! I see you're almost terrified out of wits at your own temerity! Who could have thought that even you would have been reduced to this mandlin state in two short weeks. Why, you puff with as much vigour as a pair of bellows full of holes, or an aged hippopotamus who feels it necessary to economise his breath! Never mind, I am equal to the occasion, and can operate for both. There, now the room is as full of cloud as it conveniently could be, if we are to breathe at all. Open the window? What on earth do you mean? You feel choked, do you? So much the better for you if you did choke, it would put you out of unimaginable miseries to come. I shall not open the window, my dear young milksop, first, because I don't wish to waste all this valuable smoke, and, secondly, because I am determined that, whether you wish it or not, you shall be the victor in this matter. If the young men will not stand up for the freedom of their sex, which is so much threatened now-a-days, then the old men must. Ah! here's Angy's footstep. Why, good heaven's, how pale you are; you actually shiver with affright in the silence of the night at the melancholy menace of that step! Good morning, Mrs. Turtle-dove, I was just asking— Why, she's gone

**G. L. DARBY,**

Practical Umbrella Manufacturer, 55, Oxford Street, and 6, Stretford Road. Umbrellas Re-covered. Umbrellas Repaired. Umbrellas Made to Order. All work done on our own Premises, at the shortest notice, by Practical Workpeople.



already. Crying in the kitchen, is she? I don't hear her. Oh, now I do. Well, let her cry. Do her good, it will. Better a woman should cry herself to death than that a strong man should fade and wither away for want of his regular nicotine sustenance. Want to go to her, do you? You shall do nothing of the sort. Before you had been in the kitchen half a minute you would have basely surrendered even the traditions of liberty. Now just do what I tell you, or I will do it for you. Shout in your loudest voice, or even yell—"D—m—n, I'll not give up smoking for the best woman in the world." Pahaw! what's the use of saying it like that? It's like the bleat of a weak-minded sheep. I want her to hear you, man. Well, I can mimic your voice pretty well, I'll shout for you. There! she's heard that, I'll be bound. What's that? a shriek. Capital, but stop where you are, or I shall knock you on the head with a chair. Now I am going to stamp up and down the room like a madman, still objurgating against anyone who would wish to deprive me of my smoke, and after that I shall take three or four of these cups and saucers and dash them violently on the floor. She'll think it's you, you know, and get terrified. There, I've done the stamping business! Listen, she's shrieking like old boots. No, you don't give me the slip that way; I shall lock the door, sir. Now I am going to smash the crockery one after the other. Never mind the expense. If it were old blue china even you'd gain by the effect. There, you see she's quiet now, so I will resume my natural voice, and pretend to be endeavouring to calm you. Now, my dear friend, do be calm, I entreat you. I am sure your wife didn't mean to forbid you smoking. Oh! I beseech you, reconsider your rash determination to escape at once to America. Give her more time, and she'll soon submit to your authority. There, do be quiet, there's a good fellow. Who would have thought you concealed such a ferocious soul, under so mild a mask? There, there, the—re—re! Now speak in a whisper, you young idiot. Don't you hear that this has frightened her into silence, and if you only follow it up you're a made man for life. Perhaps she's fainted? Not she, women never faint when there's no one near to catch them or to call them "poor dears." My wife used to be subject to fainting fits years ago, but when she found that the only remedy I knew was that of throwing two pails of water over her and rushing out of the house, she soon got completely cured of that disease. And now I must go and you must go with me. You can't? But I say you shall. We'll have a look in at the club, and I'll teach you to play billiards. You'll find the club of great use one of these days, but more of that anon. So there's your hat. Now tramp along the passage like a regiment of foot, or tread softly if you like and I'll tramp for you. Angy will think it's you. No, you don't! You shall not take even a little look at her. Thank goodness we are out-of-doors at last, and so come along, my poor, but not yet ruined, young saineine friend.

### HAPPY, HAPPY TYLDESLEY!

EVERY dispassionate, candid person will admit that from time to time, in season and out of season, the *City Jackdaw* has done all that man or bird could do to make Tyldesley a holy, happy place. We had even imagined that we had succeeded, and troops of fond friends, labouring under the same delusion, had loaded us with congratulations on our success. Is it not recorded in the Chronicles of Tyldesley how we toiled week by week, month by month, to convert the Local Board from being a bear garden into being a happy family? Is it not also written in the said Chronicles that we did our work so well that the Local Board caused a resolution of heartfelt thanks to be entered in their minute-book, and that the inhabitants, with a penny subscription all round, erected a handsome monument to the *City Jackdaw* on the spire of the parish church? We dreamed that fame was ours at last. But, alas! for earthly hopes! Alas, alas! for worldly fame! Alas, alas, alas! for Tyldesley happiness! Our much-loved friends have gone and done it again; and, sad to tell, this time worse than ever. On previous occasions, the more bellicose and illiterate members of the Local Board were content with calling each other "blackguards," "prigs," "swindlers," "liars," and the like. This time, however—we weep as we write—one of the members and the clerk have actually come to blows—and such blows! Innumerable accounts of the terrible encounter have reached us during the last few days. In fact, special trains have had to be run between Tyldesley and Manchester in order to convey to us all the communications which we

have received on the subject, while it has been our pleasurable—the printer will please put it painful—duty to sit up all night this week receiving deputation after deputation as to this fresh crisis at Tyldesley. One of the descriptions of the dread disaster deals out the following desperate details:—"A fight has just taken place near the Tyldesley gas-works, which has created considerable sensation in the district. Two of the parties concerned are connected with the Local Board, one being an official and the other a member. The member, who was walking out with his brother, accosted—or was accosted by—the official. High words ensued relative to some difference of opinion that had been apparent at a committee meeting, and the two came to blows. The member of the Board had the assistance of his brother, and they both beat the official with their sticks, being ultimately assisted by their father. The official had, however, had his innings, having knocked his opponents down, but the three were too many for him, and he was taken home bleeding. An hour or so afterwards, however, the official met the member of the Board, and, being then himself armed with a stick, gave his opponent a sound thrashing." Medical men were quickly on the spot, and, although serious injuries were inflicted on the softest skulls, it is probable—at least, it is hoped—that the coroner will not have to sit on the case—we mean on all, or any, of the bodies concerned. Another account—that given by the *Leigh and Tyldesley Journal*—is more precise, and, therefore, we reproduce it, as follows:—

"It is well known that Mr. Richard Shuttleworth went on the Board a determined opponent to the Clerk, Mr. Amos Cranshaw, and bent on effecting more economical management as regards the manufacture of gas, and in other departments of local government work. This, of course, was quite within his province and his duty, but the leading part he took in an effort to reduce the clerk's salary by £200 a year did not commend itself to many, nor did it meet with much support, and in the end it was defeated. Letters written to the *Journal* were sometimes not very flattering to the clerk, and these and numerous other little matters created a breach which widened with time, and has culminated in something like a pitched battle. In endeavouring to give briefly a short history of their past relations, it is well to be strictly impartial, and in saying that Mr. Cranshaw is a clerk of ability and strict probity, we simply echo what seems to be the generally-expressed opinion of the public, and Mr. Shuttleworth's character is quite as unassailable. Mr. Cranshaw, it seems, was spoken to by Mr. Shuttleworth and his brother John in a manner which he strongly resented. Accusations of dishonesty were levelled in the heated war of words, and finally an unwise reference was made to a supposed family affliction of Mr. Cranshaw. Whatever Mr. Cranshaw had said which might have provoked a retort of this kind, he did not feel disposed to let it pass without due notice. He accordingly challenged a repetition, with the ominous threat that if the words were repeated he would knock the heads of the two brothers together. Mr. R. Shuttleworth did not appear to relent, but dared Mr. Cranshaw to strike a blow. The latter then gave him a blow on the side of the head, and thereupon a battle was waged, which, for the spirit and activity displayed, has not been surpassed for many a day. The brothers Shuttleworth were armed with thick walking-sticks, with which they fought with desperate tenacity, blow succeeding blow on Mr. Cranshaw's head and body in rapid succession. Mr. Cranshaw was not idle, but brought forth that latent faculty for pugilism which must have been dormant since his schoolboy days. He lacked a stick or the battle might perhaps have been waged on a more equal footing, but he fought as gallantly as his opponents, whom he repeatedly felled by the blows he dealt out with his fist. The odds were against him, however, the battle ending in favour of the brothers Shuttleworth. Mr. Cranshaw was cut on the head, and his body bore severe marks of blows from the walking sticks, one of which, it should be stated, was broken upon his head. Some little time afterwards Mr. Cranshaw met Mr. R. Shuttleworth in the street. This time he was likewise in possession of a stick, with which he severely beat Mr. Shuttleworth, who has since been under the care of Dr. Hoyle, being badly hurt on the head and body."

A third war correspondent—a smart writer in the *Leigh Chronicle*—devotes a good column and a half to the affair. But we have given enough to show that, despite all we have done, things are not yet moving smoothly at Tyldesley. The situation is critical, electrical. Talk about Lord Beaconsfield's difficulties at Berlin! Why, they are nothing compared to ours at Tyldesley! But we must be firm—we mean to be firm. Hear, then, O ye people of Tyldesley, here is the ultimatum of the *City Jackdaw*: "Repent ye of your wicked ways; live and let live; for, if you don't, I shall fly over your way some of these fine days, pilfer all your coppers, and peck out all your eyes. As for you, Richard Shuttleworth, and Amos Cranshaw, with all the other Shuttleworths and Cranshaws into the bargain, I challenge you, single and collectively, sticks and all, to mortal combat! God save the people of Tyldesley, and preserve them in peace, also the *City Jackdaw*! Amen! and Amen."

The HATS THAT CANNOT BE SURPASSED FOR STYLE, DURABILITY, AND CHEAPNESS, ARE

ROBERTS'S. 87. Oxford Street, near All Saints.



## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT the weather has pulled itself together wonderfully, at last.  
 That it has been going it pretty hot the last few days.  
 That, nevertheless, a good many people are not pleased yet.  
 That the weather will fail if it tries to please everybody.  
 That publicans are quite satisfied with the change.  
 That publicans are easily satisfied at all times.  
 That people cannot eat while the sun shines so.  
 That, bound to be doing something, they go in for drinking, instead of eating.  
 That as much drink has been consumed in Manchester and Salford this week as would make a Thirlmere itself.  
 That even all Thirlmere could not quench the prevailing thirst.  
 That the business of the Congress is progressing most gloriously.  
 That unexpected difficulties and irritating hitches occur ever and anon.  
 That the Earl of Beaconsfield is certain of a Dukedom.  
 That His Lordship is working hard in the interests of the angelic Turk.  
 That posterity will bless his memory for having tried to accomplish so much on behalf of Turkish tyranny.  
 That—thanks to His Lordship—the whole of Bulgaria to the south of the Balkans is to be left to the tender mercies of the Sublime Porte.  
 That, consequently, the massacres and atrocities of 1876 will be repeated every other year or so.  
 That this will be owing to the fact that England's chief representative at the Congress was the Earl of Beaconsfield.  
 That, according to the *Daily News* of Wednesday, His Lordship "made a desperate effort to save Sophia."  
 That gallantry could no farther go.  
 That the object was to keep Sophia in the hands of the Turk.  
 That the other Plenipotentiaries would not think of such a thing.  
 That, despite Beaconsfield's bravery, Sophia is to change hands.  
 That, after this, she is to belong to the Prince of Bulgaria, instead of the Sultan of Turkey.  
 That Beaconsfield will never forgive himself for having failed in his efforts for her behoof.  
 That, just to console himself a bit, His Lordship is going to call on Sophia before his return to England.  
 That certain wicked people at home are wishing that Sophia will keep him with her for the rest of his natural days.  
 That we don't know what the Queen of England and the Empress of India would say to any nice little arrangement of this kind.  
 That England could never get along without her Beaconsfield.  
 That the latest intelligence from the seat of war is rather more encouraging.  
 That the particular seat of war referred to is Tyldesley.

That the hand-to-hand set-to between the three Shuttleworths, on the one part, and Amos Cranshaw, on the other part, was one of the most desperate encounters recorded in history.

That Horatious defending the bridge was a mere nothing compared with Cranshaw defending himself against the fierce onslaught of the combined Shuttleworths.

That in the end Mr. Amos Cranshaw, the clerk to the Local Board, met Mr. Richard Shuttleworth, a member of the Board, by himself, and gave him an awful hiding.

That Dr. Hoyle was soon on the spot with his plasters.

That Dr. Hoyle is a particularly good hand at plastering up the Constitution.

That Mr. Parnell is to ask Mr. Cross a question on the subject.

That the House of Commons and the country at large await the result with anxiety.

That Mr. Shuttleworth swears that he will go to London as a deputation from Tyldesley about the matter.

That Mr. Cranshaw has instructed the members of the Local Board to bring walking sticks with them to all meetings after this.

That the man who lives on sixpence a week, and whose only food is bread, must of necessity be a loafer.

## COOKERY IN RHYME.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

## No. I.—DUCKLING AND GREEN PEAS.

**T**AKE your duckling in its prime—  
 Out of season is the duck—  
 'Tis for ducklings just the time,  
 Eat them while you have the luck.  
 Cooks to palate should be slaves,  
 Would they please the sons of men.  
 First the fragrant stuffing craves  
 The attention of my pen.  
 Take your onions—here a law  
 Absolute may be excused—  
 Onions should be never raw  
 When for stuffing they are used.  
 If the precept underlined,  
 Scrupulously you obey,  
 'Twill be nicer, you will find,  
 Than in any other way.  
 Place your onions in a pan  
 With some boiling water in it,  
 Boil them then, no longer than—  
 Watch in hand—five times a minute.  
 Take the onions treated so,  
 Drain, and peel, and chop them fine,  
 All the coarseness thus will go,  
 Leaving but a taste divine.  
 Ere preparing the above—  
 Let them be of tender age—  
 In the oven you can shove  
 Just a leaf or two of sage.  
 Take it then—the sage I mean—  
 In a powder spread it fine  
 On the onions, which have been  
 Mentioned in a former line.  
 Take your bird and truss it up—  
 Let the fire be brisk in power—  
 Ere the time you mean to sup,  
 Just three-quarters of an hour.  
 Now you have no time to waste—  
 Fatal now the least mistake—  
 You must never cease to baste!  
 Don't forget for mercy's sake.  
 Now with you, oh, how I wish,  
 I to table could sit down.  
 See the duckling on the dish—  
 What a rich and golden brown!  
 I would give another menu—  
 I would mention, if you please—  
 Strange, I have forgotten them!  
 Gracious me, those precious peas!

TO SMOKERS: { Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description. } WITHECOMB, 32 VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.



## THE CONGRESS OF BERLIN.

[FROM AN ENVOY EXTRAORDINARY.]

Berlin, Wednesday.

FROM such copies of your contemporaries as have been shown me here—and one can hardly move a yard without being accosted, “I say, have you seen my article?”—it appears to be the rule to begin a letter by boasting of special sources of information. Every man would have you believe that he enjoys the intimate confidence of the Plenipotentiaries, and is able not only to say what is done but report the speeches which precede the doing of it. You will not, I promise, find me following that example. Circumstances have fortunately placed me above the necessity of bragging of the relations which exist between myself and any of the illustrious persons here. Although modest to a marked degree, I may be permitted to assure you that there is not a man in Europe who enjoys my opportunities, and perhaps you will allow me to add that when you telegraphed me at Baden, you at once demonstrated your keen discernment, and did honour to the enterprise of British journalism. Without entering unnecessarily into details I will explain why I make that claim. Many years ago, I had a great many transactions of a paper-and-pecuniary character with a man who even then gave promise of attaining distinction. Poor d’Orsay and *ma chère* Blessington were mixed up in the affair, but I draw a respectful veil over their connection with our business. The result of those transactions was that my rising friend left me his creditor for a considerable sum, and I have been his creditor ever since. He was, therefore, under great obligations to me, and indeed, in the most generous way, over a *petite souper* at the Kaiserhoff, he admitted that the obligation still exists. It would be indelicate, or, at least, unfriendly, to name the person I am referring to, but there can be no breach of confidence or good faith in saying that it is the British delegate whose name has been most freely used, and also very much misused, by the correspondents of the London papers. It is only necessary to add, that with the second of your Plenipotentiaries I was closely acquainted at a time when fortune did not smile on him, and his purse was supplied by literary work which I procured for him; and that my connection with European diplomacy has brought me into extremely private relations with the chief representatives of the other Powers and Germany. So much in support of my assertion that no one now in Berlin has the same means as myself of knowing what has taken place.

Before leaving for Berlin I informed certain very exalted friends of mine of my coming, and that trifling act of courtesy had a most gratifying result. On entering the chambers set apart for me at the Kaiserhoff, I found a charming bouquet awaiting me, accompanied by a gracious message from Potsdam, requesting me in the intervals of my work to consider myself *en famille* in the palace of my royal and imperial correspondent. What was no less gratifying was the discovery on my table of the cards of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, and several other delegates, whose names reminded me of days when I was a favoured visitor at many a Court and Embassy. Even while I was turning these lightly over I was disturbed by the entry of one of the Imperial chamberlains, bearing me an invitation to the State banquet of that evening, and then in rushed Monty Corry to inform me that my old chum was eager to see me—to “consult me,” he was pleased to say, but I took that for what it was worth.

His Lordship's rooms were on the same floor, and in a few moments I had approached the corridor leading to his audience chamber, and a dazzling spectacle was there revealed. The room had been artificially darkened by crimson velvet hung across the window, and was now lighted by at least a thousand hanging lamps of Oriental form and various hue. Indian fabrics, gorgeous in colour and of barbaric pattern, draped the walls. Above the inner portal was a brilliant illumination of the Royal Arms of England, and on each side the doorway were twin fountains, of Turkish design, throwing jets of delicately perfumed water, each being guarded by a gigantic Afghan, clothed in his picturesque costume, and bearing a whole armoury of weapons in belts which crossed and recrossed his stalwart form. Not less remarkable than the accessories were the persons who filled the room. They might have been photographed as an illustration of the Costumes of the Globe. They carried notebooks in their hands, little ink bottles hung from the coat lappets of many, and the trail of the serpent was over them all in the shape of ink spots on their linen or their hands. English, Poles, Jews, Germans, and some Frenchmen clustered together in a state of high commotion, and I

caught sundry phrases which indicated that they were all in a very excited state as to who should enter first.

The row was going on, the *Times* elbowing the *Telegraph*, and the *Morning Post* pushing the *Standard* aside, and the foreigners looking on with an eager desire to see *ces Anglais se combattre comme le diable*, as one of them expressed it, in rather doubtful French; when there was a blast of trumpets, the curtains were swept aside, and, to the utter confusion of them all, my name was pronounced, and I passed into the inner sanctum.

If the hall was singular, the *salon* was extraordinary. Crafty fragrance stole upon the senses from an unknown source. Fountains rippled, soft music sent a soothing melody through the apartment, and around stood a body-guard of swarthy Orientals, whose bare scimitars glimmered in the tender light that was shed by a noble lantern that I last saw in the Mosque of Omar. Here was a raised table covered with manuscripts, also a sherbet fountain, and a *marginieh*, and behind it, on a gorgeous seat, a copy of the Peacock Throne of Delhi, sat my old friend, the British Premier. He was immersed in a ponderous tome as I entered; I recognised the work—’twas Robert Houdin’s, without which his Lordship never travels; and so intently was he poring over its precious contents, that I had a moment for study of the once familiar form. In truth, I could scarcely recognise him. He wore a gold-embroidered fez; from his shoulders there fell a mantle of dark purple satin, braided with rows of black velvet, studded with pearls, and underneath the mantle was seen the brilliant uniform of the English Court. But his face—now altered! On his lofty forehead still hung the curl, as well macassared as of yore, but the eyes that used to beam had receded beneath the beetling brows, and the magnificent cheek which distinguished him above all others, now, on each side, hung flaccidly over the edges of the once bulbous lips. Suddenly he put the book down, and then he saw me. There was instantly a change. The upper eyelid of the left eye drooped slowly, there was a momentary spasmodic action of the facial muscles, and I recognised in an instant the old signal, the wink, which we used to interchange in a very different way long ago.

He looked proudly around upon the bending figures of his swarthy guards, upon the gorgeous trappings of his room, upon his jewelled robes, upon the tinkling fountains; and then, with the old laugh, which we used to call a chuckle, he said—

“Comment est ce chose-la pour haut?”

The accent was unfamiliar; the words strange. For a moment I doubted, and then, as though a lightning flash had entered my mind, I saw the meaning of the playful fancy. It was his Lordship's jesting way of saying, “How is this for high?”

“C’est magnifique, votre Excellence,” I replied; “mais ce n’est pas—”

“Ah! you know the language,” he interrupted. “Well, I don’t; if I can manage to make out the names on a menu I am satisfied. So we will drop French, please. It gives me great pleasure to see you. Sorry I can’t settle that little account just at present; but that need not disturb our good relations. What brings you here? Are you a delegate?”

“Ja, dein Excellenz! ich bin—”

“Don’t know that either; but I suppose it’s German. Let’s talk English. It has served me well enough till now, and I am not going to change it.”

“The fact is, then, I am a delegate for a Great Power. I represent the Press.”

“What, another! Do you know there are three hundred here already, and, my dear boy, if only in regard for old friendship, I cannot consent to treat you as I treat them. Look here, keep your own counsel about your mission for the present, and I’ll find a means of talking to you by-and-bye. Just sit down, and you will see a few of your colleagues. Ah! don’t sit there; that’s a torpedo, and it may go off. Nor there, in Heaven’s name! That’s an infernal machine—I brought a lot of those things with me to frighten Russia. Can’t you find a seat? Ho, there, slave!” and he shouted to one of the dusky attendants.

“I am here, oh mighty Kaiser, Creator of Empresses, Sun of India, Brightest Flower of the Earth!”

“Prostrate thyself! There, that’ll do. Now, sit on him. ’Twill help to impress the *Telegraph* man, at least.” So saying, he touched a gong. The other Orientals formed line near the door, there was another flare of trumpets, and a curious ceremony began.

A superbly-arranged master of the ceremonies, preceded by two small negro boys bearing censers, approached, bowing thrice, and announced the correspondents of the *Times*. So the *Times* is first, after all, thought I.

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

There seemed to be a halt, as though another struggle for precedence was going on at the door, and then I saw three persons creeping humbly on hands and knees towards the foot of the Peacock Throne. Wearing powdered hair, and with exposed calves, very much like Belgravian waiters, they abjectly crept along the floor, just as the servile Dutchman used to enter the presence of the Mikado, and I expected to hear them say, "May it please your very illustrious Grace to place your honourable foot upon our unworthy necks." But that was not what took place. His Lordship allowed sufficient time to elapse to make their peculiar homage something more than nominal, and then, as if he were awaking from a reverie, said—

"Rise, gentlemen, it was not from you, it was from your colleagues outside, that this ceremony was to be required. I have read your most admirable, scholarly, and statesmanlike letters with too much profit to subject you, or you, sir, or you, to any appearance of humiliation. Your message said—"

"Pardon us, my Lord," said the stoutest and most un-English-looking of the three, "but we sent no message; we came at your request."

"That can't be," was the somewhat sharp retort. "Why should I send for you? But no matter. The message you intended to, or would have sent, asked for information as to what took place at to-day's Congress. Now, you know I cannot tell you; but if I were to, what security have I that you would not abuse my confidence?"

With one voice and three accents, one of which was decidedly Irish, they vowed that any trust reposed in them would be inviolable.

"Still, I am very sorry I cannot enlighten your curiosity. All that I could tell my own Cabinet at present is that by an unflinching adherence to my firm resolve, and by consistent advocacy of the cause of right, I have compelled the Russians to make every concession I demanded, having before that by a series of orations, marked by a commanding eloquence such as I have never before displayed, convinced the Congress that our claims were just and honourable."

The notebooks had been kept in use during these remarks, and then the man with the Irish accent remarked—"May we ask, my Lord, what were the claims and the concessions?"

"Sir," and the tone expressed utter amazement, "would you desire a Plenipotentiary to be false to his promised secrecy? Have I not told you my lips are sealed, and stated that by my energetic attitude Her Majesty's Government have won a glorious triumph, and covered the English name with a new lustre? Russia is defeated, I tell you; completely beaten, and I may mention to you in privacy, but not for publication, that Bismarck and Andrassy are both agreed that alone I did it."

The pencils were busy again, and when they had ceased, his Lordship added, "I am sorry, gentlemen, that I cannot grant you more of my scanty leisure; and can only repeat, but please don't put it in the papers, that it is a brilliant triumph for our diplomacy; that our demands are granted; that our policy has vindicated itself, and that I have made an unequalled effort in my concluding remarks, of which my secretary has made a transcript that he will show you if you see him in his room."

The three began to back out, as Black Rod does from the presence of the Speaker, and I saw one of them in passing the side table snatch up a roll of manuscript, no doubt thinking himself unwatched.

"Your Excellency," I cried, when he had gone, "one of those men stole a despatch."

"Ah! you saw that, did you? That's all right. I thought I knew their weak point. That is a fictitious protocol, reciting certain Russian concessions which will please my English supporters. The concessions have not and will not be made; but you will see the document in tomorrow's journals, and that is all I care for. Do you imagine that roll of paper was in that spot for any other purpose than to be stolen? A man has not worked his own way to an Earldom and a Premiership for nothing."

Another visitor was announced, and after him another, until *Telegraph*, *Morning Post*, *Standard*, and some French correspondents had been in. In each case almost precisely the same proceeding was repeated, from the compliment with regard to the letters, to the abstraction of the fictitious despatch. Wonderful man! I said to myself, just as I used to say in the old days of Kensington Gore. How cleverly he has succeeded in converting those enterprising journalists to his purposes, and how easy it is, I thought also, to throw dust in the eyes of the British public.

It took nearly an hour to get rid of the Special Correspondents, who I afterwards learned occupied an average of three more hours each in inflating the material they gathered into gushing and lengthy letters

about English glory and the brilliancy of its diplomacy. I had long since found my seat uncomfortable, for the Oriental had fallen asleep, or, as his Lordship wittily said when I spoke of it, "The Eastern had gone to his West," so I rose, and just then his Lordship had finished.

"Le Jeu est fait," he whispered.

"Are you, my Lord?" I said, thinking he meant he was tired, and I went forward to lend him my arm; but apparently I had misunderstood him, for he seemed offended for a moment, but quickly recovering himself, remarked, "Your joke"—I made no joke—"reminds me that the Jews want to give me a dinner, and I believe they are the wealthiest, as they certainly look the healthiest, of the people here. Shant go, however, or I should only increase the complications. Only yesterday, for instance, while the Servian Risties and the Montenegrin Bojavics were awaiting an audience, a deputation of Polish Jews came in, and as the two Slavs hate Jews like poison, and the animosity is reciprocated, there was a row, which would have ended in bloodshed but for my Indian soldiers here. But come, 'tis five, and I'm going to Potsdam at seven. We can have at least an hour together."

Unlike the special correspondents, I do respect private confidence, and I shall not say, even to you, what we ate and drank, or of what mutual tastes we talked, nor may I, though the temptation is strong, tell you what date Lord Beaconsfield has fixed for the dissolution. My mission has reference to the Congress alone, and I will confine myself to the conversation which passed between my old friend and myself on that subject.

"You ask me what England has gained," he said. "Why, we have gained everything. Have we not shown that we are a military power, and that we have countless thousands of warrior clans in India ready to do our bidding? Have we not again created Europe? Have we not carried our policy to a successful issue? And yet you ask what we gain."

"But I mean, what has your Lordship extracted from Russia, which had not been agreed upon before the Congress met? Where, in fact, is the glorious triumph?"

"Triumph! Why, is not the meeting of the Congress a triumph? H'm; I forgot, though, that's rather a triumph for Russia. Is it not a triumph to draw the boundary of Turkey at the Balkans—"

"Barring Sophia, my Lord, which—"

"D— Sophia; really you are too particular about details. I tell you our diplomacy has triumphed, and 'tis a glorious victory."

"But have you at all altered the arrangements made in the Salisbury-Schouvaloff Memorandum, which so mysteriously saw the light?"

"Wait and see. I decline to answer until I know. Things have not gone exactly as I expected, and my little scheme for the reconstruction of Turkey has so far utterly failed. These heavy-witted Germans have no sympathy with the noble Turk, and even Salisbury, whom I depended on, has again taken up a line of his own. But you mentioned the Memorandum. So that deceived even you, my old intriguer, did it? It was a clever shot, but I am afraid it rather overshot the mark. Who do you think sprung that mine on Europe?"

"I have generally found it attributed to Russian sources."

"These purlind Aryans! They have never suspected me. Yes; that was a coup of mine. The Cabinet would have those terms, and I was obliged to submit, though I had strongly opposed them, and am still of opinion that they concede everything Russia has ever claimed. On the eve of leaving for Berlin it occurred to me that by making the agreement public I should be able to excite my patriotic friends in the country into fresh demonstrations of indignation against Russia, and that my Ministers, overawed by the popular feeling, would give me full powers to throw the agreement over. The *Globe* was a willing instrument, and the *Daily Telegraph* a ready dupe. I summoned the spirit, but the spirit would not come. We have had to stick to the terms of the agreement, and *entre nous*, my dear fellow, the triumph of my diplomacy consists simply in gulling a lot of credulous correspondents. No matter, however; so long as I succeed in the English press, my fame is protected and increased, and the social honours which are showered upon me here are compensation for the failure of my political projects in the Congress. And now excuse me. I must dress for Potsdam. My elephant waits outside,—a rather neat idea, eh? to travel a la Maharajah. Come and see the cavalcade start, and mind, if you are at Potsdam, you must not pretend to know me."

I, too, had to dress for the State banquet, and had, therefore, to hurriedly conclude my letter, which, I assure you, is absolutely trustworthy compared with the mendacious narratives which the ordinary correspondents are sending from Berlin.

**WORMALD'S CREAM OINTMENT, FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, IS TRULY EFFICACIOUS.**  
Pots, 1844, and 2s. 6d.



## DISGRACING ENGLAND.

FOR days past, the Tory papers and the weak-kneed Liberal papers have been filling their pages with the most fulsome praise of Beaconsfield. "He has gained a great diplomatic triumph; he has covered himself and his country with glory; his firmness and wisdom have saved England from utter annihilation; he has asserted the rights of Europe and preserved the sanctity of Treaties; he has carved for himself an imperishable name in History; he has converted Eastern Europe from a Pandemonium into a Paradise." What is it all about? What in the world does all this mean? It means this, that, instead of the large and powerful Bulgaria which would have been set up by the Treaty of San Stefano, Beaconsfield has succeeded in getting it split in two, one part to be independent, the other part to remain under the rule of the merciless Turk. And it is for this that excited, purblind mortals are falling down and worshipping him, and shouting that his voice is the voice of a god, not of a man! It is worse than sickening; it is blasphemous. In Beaconsfield's hands, England once more stands before the world as the friend of the Turk. His mission to Berlin has not been to see that justice was done to the suffering Christians of the East, but to lend the help of England in again setting Turkey on her feet. That this should have been so is a simple and sheer disgrace to England and a danger to the future peace of Europe. The *Birmingham Daily Post* sets the case in its true light in the following concise article:—

"We do not yet know upon what authority, or with clearness, what it is that Lord Beaconsfield is doing at the Congress; but there seems reason enough to believe that, for the sake of bolstering up Turkey, he has broken through the agreement signed by Lord Salisbury and Count Schouvaloff. This document recognised a double Bulgaria, north and south of the Balkans, both divisions being independent of Turkey. Lord Beaconsfield, however, steps in, and alters the arrangement by presenting a sort of ultimatum. According to this, there are still to be two Bulgarian provinces; one of them, north of the Balkans, being free, under a prince of its own choice; the other, south of the Balkans, being left in the hands of the Turks, with such guarantees for good order as they choose to give—guarantees which, as a matter of course, will be promised without hesitation, and broken the moment afterwards. One of our correspondents says that by this proceeding it is felt that the Premier has 'saved the ministry, but has disgraced England.' This judgment is just; any arrangement which, for the sake of maintaining Turkey, or with the result of doing so, hands over Bulgarian Christians to the Turks, is a disgrace to England, and a calamity to Europe, for such an arrangement makes a settled peace impossible. We must wait, of course, to see how much has actually been done in the direction indicated, and how far it is designed by effectual guarantees—that is, by foreign supervision—to correct the vices of Turkish rule; but even at the best, it seems that, under Lord Beaconsfield's impulse, England has once more been degraded into the position of being the patron, the ally, and the friend of the Turk; while, by the same agency, the freedom of the Christians south of the Balkans has been turned into a mockery and a farce. Whether this alliance in Europe is to be followed by the rumoured protectorate in Asia, time will show; if it be so, the danger will be increased, but the discredit is already as great as it well can be."

In the Bulgaria south of the Balkans—Beaconsfield's Bulgaria—Turkey will continue to crush the Christian population as she ever has done, and in the course of another year or two his Lordship may be pleased by pondering over the particulars of another Philippopolis, with its thousands of murdered children and outraged women. By that time, however, the eyes of Englishmen may have been so far opened that they will read the tragedy with shame and execrate the very name of Beaconsfield, be he earl or be he duke.

## HOW THESE DOCTORS DO DIFFER!

ONLY the other week we thought it our duty to state, in the interests of tipplers, that Dr. Carpenter says drink is a good thing for certain men, under certain circumstances, and when taken within certain well-defined limits. But this week we have to state that Dr. Heslop—certainly one of the ablest and most experienced physicians in the Midlands—holds a widely different opinion. Dr. Heslop has been sitting very heavily on "moderate drinkers" and tipplers in general. Addressing a meeting at Birmingham the other night, he said that moderate drinkers did great harm, and offered a great obstacle to the cause of temperance, by their going about saying they took so little it could not do them any harm, that they felt the better for it, were stronger and brighter, and their nervous system was strung up. Or, if it was a woman, she said, "I don't feel so low." People should not imagine that intemperance was a very

wicked and very unwise thing, and that moderate drinking was not a vice and not an imprudent thing. On the contrary, the most competent men in the country declared that even in the most moderate way alcohol was drunk, it was fraught with evil, and was productive of innumerable injuries, intellectually and morally, as well as physically. He trusted his hearers would not be deluded by the statement of moderate drinkers that a small quantity would do no harm. It was absolute nonsense. No man or woman knew when he or she might fall into temptation, or take more than was good for them. No person in the medical profession, and no physiologist, would venture to say what amount could be taken with absolute safety. Economically considered, it was a great evil. What a difference of home comfort there would be if the amount spent in drink was laid out more wisely! If the 140 millions spent in drink were consumed in buying only the necessities of life, trade would revive, and the whole country would be in a state of prosperity. The moral and intellectual aspect of the case was far more important than the physical. The physical evils were as nothing compared with the influence of alcohol in the smallest quantities on the moral and intellectual nature of man. The smallest quantity tended to make a man reckless and careless and prone to exaggerate. If a man saw three men in the street he would think he had seen four, and would say he had. A cab-driver would think he could drive between other vehicles, and, not being able to, there was what was called an accident, though that was a word he had banished. It made people reckless of their own lives and of the lives of other people. If a man only wished to retain his natural stability he should not touch a drop of alcoholic drink. It decreased man's nervous stability, and an abstainer could go through life with an amount of moral courage that was unknown to these unhappy creatures. Physically considered, there was a number of diseases produced more frequently by alcohol than anything else; and there were diseases rendered more fatal in persons given to drinking. A celebrated physician, experienced in fever cases, said he had never known but one intemperate person get well from fever. In addition to this evidence had accumulated that the effects of alcohol on the corpuscles of the blood tended to diminish the proper oxydisation process, the result being that numerous diseases of a serious and fatal nature were set in operation. Medical evidence was proving that alcohol was capable of producing such changes in the blood as to render the whole system amenable to morbid influences of the most grave and serious nature, and facts were accumulating to show that life was shortened and diseases engendered by moderate drinking. We have the highest possible respect for Dr. Heslop and medical men in general, but which of them are we to believe? More than that, what does Dr. Heslop drink in these hot days, in the hope, at least, of keeping himself cool?

## THE THEATRES.

MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD'S Gaiety Company has had possession of the Prince's stage this week, and has played, as the steaming hot weather might lead us to expect, to somewhat small audiences. *A Fast Coach*, the introductory farce, was familiar to Manchester play-goers twenty years ago, when a local favourite, long dead and all but forgotten, Mr. Lloyd, took the part of "Jerry," now played by Mr. J. G. Taylor for "1,000 nights." The part, which is the principal one in the farce, is not attractive, notwithstanding its seeming popularity. *Little Doctor Faust* is a Christmas pantomime, which has somehow escaped from the frosty Father and come amongst us at the very antipodes of winter, when we are hardly looking for, or wanting, such fare. We have lithe and sprightly damsels (very pretty ones, too, it must be said), who wear scant clothing, come up trap doors, posture about the stage and sing "Jingo" and other excellent songs. There are, too, lots of bad puns by Mr. H. J. Byron, and a "topical" trio which is encoered so often that the wearied and sweltering performers have to plead, "Please we don't know any more," before the gods will be satisfied. *Little Doctor Faust* offers a famous opportunity for those who are too squeamish to visit music halls, to see and hear all that goes on in those places. Mr. Taylor, who plays "Mephistopheles," is the only character we should not meet there.

At the Theatre Royal, on Monday, a so-called comedy was produced by Messrs. Brough and Baker's Company. It is unfortunate that a stronger piece had not been selected. As a retired livery-stable keeper, Mr. Brough, by his excellent acting, somewhat redeemed the weakness of the piece, but why should Mr. Baker have played so trumphy a part as a very commonplace footman? *A Bashful Man* was the afterpiece, and was redeemed from utter tediousness by Mr. Baker's excellent acting.

**WORMALD'S PILLS** are the BEST for all COMPLAINTS of the STOMACH, LIVER, and BOWELS, Bowed, 1844, and No. 94.



## DOMESTIC ECONOMY CONGRESS.

IT need not be said that the European Congress now sitting in Berlin has had its light put out very effectively by the Domestic Economy Congress now sitting in Manchester. That goes without saying. What this Manchester Congress is all about we cannot say. All that we do know is this, that it has a mission, and that it is executing that mission efficiently and well. The opening ceremony was a very grand affair—far grander than words can adequately set forth—and as it has been only poorly described in the daily papers we beg to subjoin a more detailed list of the order observed and the work done:—

- 1.—The Mayor dons his scarlet robes.
  - 2.—The Aldermen and Councillors follow suit.
  - 3.—The Mayor puts the gold chain round his neck.
  - 4.—They look at each other admiringly.
  - 5.—Grand blare of trumpets.
  - 6.—Arrival of the Owens College Professors.
  - 7.—Great excitement amongst the ladies.
  - 8.—Fanfare of trumpets.
  - 9.—The Professors get robed out in their academic costume.
  - 10.—Procession of Mayor, Aldermen, Councillors, and Professors, from Council Chamber to the Large Hall.
  - 11.—Blast of trumpets.
  - 12.—Everybody says to everybody else that this is an occasion long to be remembered.
  - 13.—The Mayor seats himself on the platform.
  - 14.—The Mayor immediately rises again while the National Anthem is sung.
  - 15.—Short prayer by the Bishop of Salford.
  - 16.—Flourish of trumpets.
  - 17.—The Mayor holds forth on the greatness of the occasion and the importance of the work to be done.
  - 18.—Fanfare of trumpets.
  - 19.—"O what a night we are having!" says Bishop Fraser to Bishop Vaughan.
  - 20.—"We went go home till morning!" whispers Bishop Vaughan to Bishop Fraser.
  - 21.—Tremendous blare of trumpets.
  - 22.—The Duke of Westminster rises in order to address the Congress.
  - 23.—Terrific blast of trumpets.
  - 24.—The vast audience gets on to its pins.
  - 25.—Imposing spectacle.
  - 26.—Flourish of trumpets.
  - 27.—The Duke of Westminster speaks.
  - 28.—His Grace sits down.
  - 29.—The secretary turns out the reporters for presuming to whisper to each other within hearing of His Grace.
  - 30.—The Band of the Royal Dragoons plays a popular selection.
  - 31.—Benediction by the Bishop of Manchester.
  - 32.—Final flourish of trumpets.
  - 33.—Gossip all round for several hours.
- The Congress will last over to-day. All the arrangements are most complete and unique, and we desire to tender our best thanks to the secretaries for having supplied us with these particulars without either bother or fuss.

## CAWS OF THE WEEK.

IT DON'T know how or why it is that the London correspondent of the *Evening News* never misses an opportunity, good, bad, or indifferent, of wiring into my esteemed friend the Earl of Beaconsfield. Only the other day he spoke of His Lordship in this sneering strain:—"As I have mentioned Lord Beaconsfield, I may say that the reports from Berlin confirm the belief that his French is indifferent. It is evident that his speech at the first meeting of the Congress in favour of the withdrawal of the Russian troops was delivered in English. Of course, everybody knows that the Premier never received anything like a regular education, but one would have thought he would have, in his foreign travels, picked up the language. It is rather strange that Lord Beaconsfield should have been so severe on that defect in others to which he himself has now to plead guilty. In 'Lothair' one of his most savage sneers at the English aristocracy—a pet object of his aversion—is that they never open a book and can speak no language but their own." The readers of the *Jackdaw*

don't need to be told that the *Evening News* is one of those interesting papers which seek to please all parties, so curry favour with Tories and Liberals alike—that is, so far as its leading-article columns are concerned. In fact, it can blow both hot and cold about as well as any journal that I know of. Yet, while this is the character of its leaders, its London letters, it would seem, lean towards Liberalism.

Honour to whom honour is due! Many—too many—of the working classes spend their earnings most recklessly. In this, of course, they are not singular; for hosts of the "upper" and middle classes do the same thing. But all working men are not alike, any more than all the nobility, gentry, merchants, professionals, or tradespeople are alike. A remarkable illustration of the thrift of the working classes in times of bad trade is afforded by the returns of the Leicester Savings Bank for the six months ending the 20th of May. Notwithstanding that all branches of trade have been unusually depressed, the number of depositors and deposits show an unusually large increase. There has been an increase in the number of accounts of 1,028 since May last year, while the number of transactions since the 20th of November last was 16,305, or an increase in the half-year of 1,623. The total amount which passed through the bank during the half-year was £145,821, as against £85,674 in the corresponding period last year, while the total amount of deposits invested was £302,682, as against £281,645 in the corresponding period last year. I believe that a similar state of things could be shown as regards Manchester and Salford. Working men, like other men, have their faults; but they are not going to the devil just yet.

ONE likes to come across a thorough-going fellow; and such a creature is "A Hyde Park Jingo," who lets off his steam in a letter to a London evening contemporary. He is very angry about the Anglo-Russian secret agreement, and considers that too many concessions are being made to Russia in the Congress. "I have always," he says, "been opposed to Russia on the Eastern Question; in fact, I am one of what was called the war party, or the Jingoists. I was all for interfering by force when the Russians crossed the Danube—and still more so when they crossed the Balkans. This policy was opposed by those very persons who now abuse the Government for not being ready to go to war for Batoum and Bessarabia. And yet these very persons allow the Russians to occupy the lines of Checkmedje and threaten those of Gallipoli without raising a murmur—in fact, they denounced us, the Jingoists, for wishing the Government to seize the Dardanelles and Bosphorus at once. Surely these were more important points both to England and Europe than Batoum or Bessarabia. I say unhesitatingly that, as we did not go to war then, it is perfectly ridiculous to think of going to war now on such comparatively minor points. Again, why should we raise a finger for Roumania? Did she consult us or consider us or our interests, or even European interests, when she not only gave Russia a free passage through her territory, but sent her troops across the Danube, and saved the Russian army from defeat? Roumania should have thought of England's interests and Europe's interests sooner, and then perhaps we might have thought of her interests now. Bessarabia is an Austrian question; if she won't fight for it, I am sure we won't. As for Batoum, let Russia get it how she can. We will neither help her to get it, nor will we go to war if she does get it. I would have fought Russia to keep her north of the Caucasus and the Danube, or even the Balkans; but it is absurd to talk of fighting for minor points. We have swallowed the camel; let us swallow the gnat." This "Hyde Park Jingo," in short, would make England the policeman, not only of Europe, but of the whole world. We cannot see it.

PARLIAMENT may be dissolved any of these fine days—at least, after the Premier's triumphant return from Berlin. The average duration of the ten Parliaments which have been assembled and dissolved since the passing of the first Reform Act was only about three years and ten months. The longest Parliament was that which assembled in November, 1859, with Lord Palmerston as Premier, and which was dissolved after an existence of six years one month and six days, in July, 1865, immediately upon the resignation of the Lord Chancellor (Lord Westbury), in consequence of the vote of censure passed upon him by the House of Commons. The next longest Parliament assembled in 1841, and was dissolved in July, 1847, having lasted five years eleven months four days. The Parliament during which Mr. Gladstone was Premier assembled on the 10th of January, 1868, and was dissolved suddenly on the 26th of January, 1874. The shortest of the ten Parliaments assembled on the 29th of January, 1833, and was dissolved on December 30th, 1834. The present Parliament met for the first time on the 5th of March, 1874, and has therefore been in existence four years and a little over three months, or five months longer than the average of its ten predecessors.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw* 61, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

**TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC** gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6, of chemists.

# ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, BELLE VUE.

OPEN EVERY DAY FROM 10 A.M.

MESSRS. DANSON AND SONS'  
MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE OF

## THE FALL OF PLEVNA,

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at Dusk.

MILITARY BAND OF THE GARDENS DAILY, FROM 3 P.M.

The Zoological Collection of Living Animals and Birds includes Giraffes, Elephants, Lions, Tigers, Rhinoceros, Hippopotamus, &c. Amongst the other attractions of the Gardens are the Great Lakes, with Pleasure Boats and Steamers; the Mazes, Museum, Fernery, Conservatory, &c.

## THE "EXCELSIOR" PATENT SPRING MATTRESS

*Gained the Certificate of Merit (the Highest Award)*

At the Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances, held at Owens College, August 6th to 18th, 1877;  
The Prize Medal at the Leamington Sanitary Exhibition, October 3rd to 18th, 1877.

RETAIL FROM CABINET-MAKERS AND UPHOLSTERERS.

WHOLESALE FROM CHORLTON and DUGDALE, MANCHESTER.

Ryde, Isle of Wight.

### HOPGOOD & CO'S N. AND S. HAIR CREAM,

RECOMMENDED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS

For its "surprising and unfailing success," may be had of all Chemists and Perfumers, at 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 6s., and 6s. 6d.

H. & CO'S SEDATIVE COLD CREAM, in pots, 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d.

### FAC-SIMILE OF SIGNATURE FOR 3s.

USEFUL for Letterpress Printing, Stamping, and Marking.  
Made type-high, and cut in bold relief. An exact reproduction of any Signature guaranteed. Sent post free for 36 stamps.—Address, J. F. NASH, 5, Goldsmith Street, Gough Square, London, E.C.

BILLIARDS!—JOHN O'BRIEN, the only practical Billiard Table Manufacturer in Manchester, respectfully invites inspection of his stock of Billiard Tables, which is now the largest and most superb in the kingdom, all made under his own personal inspection. Sole Maker of the Improved Fast Cushion, that will never become hard.—GLOBE BILLIARD WORKS, 42, Lower King Street, Manchester.

FOOLSCAP 8vo., PRICE 1s. 6d.

THE

## Layrock of Langley-side

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

BY BEN BRIERLEY.

MANCHESTER:

ABEL HEYWOOD AND SON.

### GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.

Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals, by the new Royal Mail Steamer

"COLUMBA" or the "IONA,"

From Glasgow daily at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying passengers for North and West Highlands. For present sailings to Highlands see bill with Map and Tourist Fares, free by post, from

DAVID HUTCHESON & CO.,

119, Hope Street, Glasgow.



MANUFACTURERS  
OF  
GILDED GLASS  
Tablets,  
FOR  
Advertising Purposes  
FOR  
BREWERS  
AND  
OTHERS.

If your Spectacles are broken take them to the Maker,  
N. HARPER, 26, Clarendon Street, Oxford Street, Manchester.

## JOHN H. HODGSON,

251, OXFORD STREET (near Owens College),

Respectfully invites an inspection of his ENTIRELY NEW AND WELL-ASSORTED STOCK OF

GENTLEMEN'S HOSIERY, WHITE & COLOURED SHIRTS, &c.,  
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S GLOVES, TIES, AND SILK UMBRELLAS.

N.B.—FUNERALS UNDERTAKEN AND CONDUCTED THROUGHOUT,

Under Personal Superintendence, in the Modern Style, on Economical Terms.

CARTE DE VISITE PORTRAITS,

By a New Process, from 3s. 6d. per Doz.  
Life-sized Portraits (Oil, Water, or Crayon) Equally Cheap.

WATERS, 130, HYDE ROAD, ARDWICK.  
Established 1866.



**HUSBAND'S**  
**Patent Hats**  
CLAIM PREFERENCE  
OVER EVERY OTHER.  
They are the only Hats  
which are REALLY VENTILATED.  
PRICES—10/6, 12/6, & 15/6.  
The Best and Cheapest  
Hats in the City.  
Manufactured by:  
**11, Oldham Street.**  
**BAYNES, successor to HUSBAND.**

**COMMERCIAL INSTRUCTION ROOMS,**  
24, DAVID STREET, CITY.

**TRANSLATION, Tuition, Schools,**  
Private Classes, of and in EUROPEAN AND  
ASIATIC LANGUAGES (Chinese included), by  
**Monsr. K. ROUVEZ.**

**THE HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.**  
**BUTLER'S**  
**ROSEMARY HAIR CLEANER**  
Introduced 1850.

READ FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS:—  
"I cannot sufficiently praise your Hair Cleaner."  
"I have used it two years, and find it very excellent."  
"It is such nice cleansing as well as cooling stuff."  
"It has only one fault—it ought to be a SHILLING A PACKET."  
"It is very useful in cleansing my hair and making it curl."  
"I like your Hair Cleaner very much."  
"I think it may be styled the 'HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.'"  
"It has a cleansing and refreshing excellence."  
"I never used a MORE BEAUTIFUL WASH."  
Sold in packets, Sixpence each, making a PINT of first-rate HAIR WASH, by all respectable Chemists; or of Mr. BUTLER, Wycombe, Bucks, for six stamps.

"The Economy of Nature provides a remedy  
for every complaint.

**VICKERS' ANTILACTIC** is the only  
certain cure known for RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA,  
LUMBAGO, and GOUT. It has never been known to fail  
in curing the worst cases, many of which had been  
given up as hopeless.

Sold by Chemists, in Bottles at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d.,  
and 4s. 6d.  
Depot:—Custom House Chambers, Lower Thames  
Street, London.

**JUST PUBLISHED,**  
**BEN BRIERLEY'S**  
**SEA SIDE & HOLIDAY ANNUAL**  
(ILLUSTRATED),  
**PRICE SIXPENCE.**

**CONTENTS:**  
The Dead Bride, by Ben Brierley.—Rum Fish, by the  
Dyspeptic Romeo.—Gooseberry Pie, by John Walker.—  
The Sea Side, Blackpool, by J. H.—The Dead Donkey,  
by W. Darbyshire.—In the Twilight, by James Dawson.  
A Blow at Scarbro', by Neb-oth-Nook.—Robin and I, by  
Fanny Forrester.—An Old Man's Story, by Fenwar.—  
May! by John L. Owen.—Loch Leven, by J. M. Haw-  
croft.—Bear Shooting in Norway, by "Elba."—A Terrible  
Tale, by J. Barnes.—An Every-Day Hero, by Frank  
Fearnley.—May Blossoms.—A Canadian Love Story, by  
Cecil Laker.—Sleawit Bill and the Flood, by Tim Bobbin  
Third.—In a Manx Glen, by J. M. Hawcroft.—Puffing  
Billy, by R. R. Bealey.—Our Picnic, by Thurston Chary  
Tyrer.—Wife with the Rosy Cheek, by J. J. Freeman.—  
May Time, by Jennie Heywood.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, 56 and 58, Oldham Street,  
Manchester; and 4, Catherine St., Strand, London, W.C.

**HOW TO BECOME EITHER NATU-  
RALLY OR ARTIFICIALLY BEAUTIFUL,**  
by simple and inexpensive means made and used at home  
together with the secret of looking a person steadily and  
pleasantly in the face during conversation. 1s. 1d., post  
free, from the Author, J. WILBY, Mirfield.

Now Ready.—Price in cloth, 7s. 6d.  
**PAPERS OF THE MANCHESTER**  
LITERARY CLUB. Volume IV.  
With Illustrations from original drawings, by R. G.  
Somerset, William Meredith, Christopher Blacklock,  
Walter Tomlinson, and Elias Bancroft; portrait of  
Butterworth, the mathematician; and two views of  
Clayton Old Hall.

**CONTENTS:**  
Lancashire Mathematicians. Morgan Brierley.  
Tennyson's Palace of Art. Rev. W. A. O'Connor.  
Six Half-Centuries of Epitaphs. R. M. Newton.  
Baptismal Names in Lancashire and Yorkshire. Rev.  
C. W. Bardsley.  
Canon Parkinson. John Evans.  
Geist. Henry Franks.  
The Provincial Mind. George J. Holyoake.  
Hamlet. Rev. W. A. O'Connor.  
Armstrong and George Fox. Walter Tomlinson.  
John Owens, the Founder of the College. Joseph C.  
Lockhart.  
A Trip to Lewis. Arthur O'Neill.  
Christmas in Wales. John Mortimer.  
Dryden as Lyrist. George Milner.  
And other papers by William Lawson, Charles Row-  
ley, junr., Rev. R. H. Gibson, B.A., Charles Hardwick,  
Abel Heywood, junr., Leonard D. Ardill, Edward Kirk,  
M. J. Lyons, Edward Williams, William Hindshaw,  
Alfred Owen Legge, and R. J. Udall.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, Manchester and London,  
Publishers to the Club; and all Booksellers.

Just Published. Price 6d.  
**FIGARO AT HASTINGS.**  
By CUTHBERT BEDE.

"A pleasant little volume."—*Salford Weekly News*,  
September 8th.  
"Figaro at Hastings and St. Leonard's" is a lively  
brochure from the pen of Cuthbert Bede. The papers,  
bright and amusing, first appeared in the columns of  
the *London Figaro*. Bound in an attractive pictorial  
cover, they will in their present garb be sure to send a  
fresh batch of holiday-makers to the favourite Watering-  
Places which they limn with pen and pencil.—*Penny*  
*Illustrated Paper*, September 15th.

Manchester; ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, and all  
Booksellers.

**A NEW**  
**BOOK ON HANDRAILING.**

PRICE 5s., CLOTH, POST FREE.

**HANDRAILING ON THE BLOCK SYSTEM:**

Being a simple mechanical method of constructing a  
wreath from the plan and elevation of the stairs, with-  
out the tedious mathematical process hitherto used.

Illustrated with Copper-plate Diagrams.

BY WM. TWISS.

Abel Heywood and Son, Manchester and London.  
Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

NOW READY.

**POEMS & LANCASHIRE SONGS.**  
By EDWIN WAUGH.

Large Paper Edition, bound half morocco, Price 16s.  
Small Edition, bound in cloth, 6s.

This Edition contains the whole of the Poems  
and Songs written by Mr. Waugh, and is elegantly  
printed on fine paper at the Chiswick Press, London.

ABEL HEYWOOD & SON, Manchester and  
London; and all Booksellers.

**DR. ROBERTS' POOR MAN'S FRIEND**

is confidently recommended to the Public as an  
Unfailing Remedy for wounds of every description—  
Scalds, Chibbains, Scorbute Eruptions, Burns, Sores  
and Inflamed Eyes, &c.

Sold in pots at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 11s., and 22s. each.  
Dr. ROBERTS' PILULE ANTISCROPHULE, or  
ALTERNATIVE PILLS, proved by sixty years' expe-  
rience to be one of the best medicines ever offered to  
the public.

They form a mild and superior family aperient; they  
may be taken at all times without confinement or change  
of diet.

In boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. each.  
Sold by the Proprietors, BEACH and BARNICOTT,  
Bridport; and by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the  
United Kingdom and Colonies.

**RUPTURES.**  
**EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.**  
Was awarded to  
**R. WESTBURY,**  
Inventor and Sole Maker of the  
**IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS**  
Deformity Instruments, Artificial Limbs, Crutches,  
Elastic Stockings, &c.  
26, OLD MILLGATE.

GOOD HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

**JAMES'S LIFE PILLS.**

This great Household Medicine ranks amongst the  
leading necessities of life.  
These famous Pills purify the Blood, and act most  
powerfully, yet soothingly, on the  
LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS,  
and BOWELS, giving tone, energy, and vigour to these  
great Main Springs of Life. They are confidently  
recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases  
where the constitution, from whatever cause, has  
become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully  
efficacious in all ailments incidental to Females of all  
ages; and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE,  
are unsurpassed.

**JAMES'S LIFE PILLS**  
Remove Freckles and Pimples, and are unequalled  
for Beautifying and Refreshing the Skin. They never  
fail to restore youthful colour and impart new life.  
1s. 1½d. a Box, at all Chemists.

WHOLESALE:  
J. E. TOMLINSON & Co., 10, Shudehill.

**NETTING for GARDENS, 3d. and 1d.**  
per yard, can be had in any widths.  
**NETTING for LAWN TENNIS, 25ft. long, 5ft. high, 6s.**  
**CRICKET NETS, 6yds. by 2yds., 6s. and 7s. 6d.**  
**NETTING for POULTRY, 24d. and 4d. per square yard.**  
**NETTING PRICE LIST on application.**  
Netting sent to all parts of the Kingdom. All orders  
given by letter will have prompt attention.  
Remittances not requested until goods delivered.  
**S. H. EDDY'S GENERAL WAREHOUSE,**  
104, MOSS SIDE WEST, MANCHESTER.

**PAGE WOODCOCK'S**  
**WIND PILLS**

**GOOD for the cure of WIND on the STOMACH.**  
**GOOD for the cure of INDIGESTION.**  
**GOOD for the cure of SICK HEADACHE.**  
**GOOD for the cure of HEARTBURN.**  
**GOOD for the cure of BILIOUSNESS.**  
**GOOD for the cure of LIVER COMPLAINT.**  
**GOOD for the cure of ALL COMPLAINTS**  
arising from a disordered state of the  
STOMACH, BOWELS, or LIVER.  
Sold by all Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1½d.,  
2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each; or free for 14, 20, or 54  
stamps, from

**PAGE D. WOODCOCK,**  
"LINCOLN HOUSE," ST. FAITH'S, NORWICH.

**WELL I AM SURPRISED**

You should suffer so acutely from any disease  
caused by impure blood when the **UNIVERSAL**  
**MAGIC PURIFYING DROPS** are so justly acknowledged  
by all ranks of society to stand unrivalled for effectually  
purifying the stream of life from all latent disease, how-  
ever stagnant, torpid, or impure it may be. They give  
brilliance to the eye; a rosy, healthy hue to the face; a  
pearly whiteness to the teeth; a delightful fragrance to  
the breath; elasticity to the step; a buoyancy to the  
spirits; an edge to the appetite; a clear conception;  
pure blood; refreshing and exhilarating sleep to the  
debilitated system; in fact, they change the most shat-  
tered frame into health, strength, and vigour; while  
the mental and physical powers under their influence  
are so strengthened and fortified that all difficulties and  
obstacles are triumphantly met and conquered. Price:  
4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. per Ounce. Prepared only by Messrs.  
WILKINSON and Co., Medical Hall, 4, Baker's Hill,  
Sheffield, and sold by Chemists and Patent Medicine  
Vendors throughout the world; or should the least  
difficulty occur, they will be forwarded per return  
(carriage free) on receipt of the amount in stamps or  
post order by the Proprietors. Established 1830.

Upwards of Three Hundred Thousand Cases were sold  
last year.  
**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**—All Chemists and Patent  
Medicine Dealers can order through our Wholesale  
Agents, **BURGOYNE, BURBIDGES, & CO.,** Wholesale  
and Export Druggists, &c., 10, Coleman Street, London;  
**MATHER, Farrington Road, London, and 84, Corpora-  
tion Street, Manchester;** Evans, Loscher, and Evans, 40,  
Bartholomew Close, London; Evans, Sons, and Co.,  
56, Hanover Street, Liverpool; and Goodall, Backhouse,  
and Co., Leeds.



## BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

CONTAINS three times the strength of ordinary Coffee, and is strongly recommended by the most eminent of the medical faculty as an agreeable, palatable, and medicinal beverage. See report of Dr. Hassall, M.D., author of "Food and its Adulterations," &c.; also, Otto Hehner, F.C.S., analyst. Sold by most respectable Grocers and Chemists, in 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. Tins. Wholesale in Manchester from W. Mather; and the Manufacturers; and Goodhall, Backhouse, and Co., Leeds.

Price Twopence Each.

## A GRAPHIC VIEW OF THE SIX MILLIONS SPENT ON WAR MATERIALS.

Printed on Strong Sheet, 20 by 30 inches. Showing 1,200 bags of Gold, each containing £5,000, and giving a list of blessings that such a sum might have procured for the people of Great Britain.

Sold for distribution, 100 for 12s. 6d.; 250, £1. 10s.; 500, £2. 15s.; 1,000, £5. 5s.

Published by ABEL HEYWOOD AND SON, 58, Oldham Street, Manchester, and 4, Catherine Street, Strand, London.

BRUNSWICK STREET FURNISHING WAREHOUSE.

### THOMAS JOHN WINSON,

DEALER IN NEW & SECOND-HAND PARLOUR, KITCHEN, & BEDROOM FURNITURE.

Houses completely Furnished on the Hire System, or otherwise. Large or Small Lots of Furniture Bought.

126 and 128, BRUNSWICK STREET, about equal distance between ARDWICK GREEN & OXFORD ROAD.

## CO-OPERATIVE PRINTING SOCIETY LIMITED,

Office—17, Balloon Street, Corporation Street.

Works—New Mount Street, Manchester; and 40, Highbridge, Newcastle.

PRINTERS, STATIONERS, BOOKBINDERS, MACHINE RULERS, ACCOUNT-BOOK MANUFACTURERS, LITHOGRAPHERS, ENGRAVERS, &c.

The above firm have special facilities for the execution of all orders in Bookwork, Pamphlets, Catalogues, and all kinds of Commercial Printing  
JOHN HARDMAN, MANAGER.

## WEST OF ENGLAND SOAP COMPANY, 47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER.

WILLIAM BROWN, AGENT.

MANUFACTURER OF ALL KINDS OF

## SIZING SOAPS AND FANCY SOAP.

ESTABLISHED 1862.

## WILLIAM BROWN,

47, OLDHAM ROAD, MANCHESTER,

SOLE MAKER AND PATENTEE OF

## BROWN'S PATENT BOILER COMPOUND, STANNATE OF SODA,

FOR PREVENTING THE INCRUSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS.—(REGISTERED.)

No Connection with any other firm.—AGENTS WANTED.

BARR'S "GUINEA" BANJO, FLUTE, VIOLIN, CORNET, & GUITAR, warranted, certified by the most eminent professors. Packed and sent on receipt of Post-office Order for £15. Send stamp for list of agents. W. BARR, 56, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.1.

**NO MORE ROUND-SHOULDERED MEN OR BOYS.**

# THE AMERICAN BRACE.

**NO MORE ROUND-SHOULDERED LADIES OR GIRLS.**



This Brace, in its peculiar construction, has all the advantages of **A SHOULDER AND TROUSERS BRACE COMBINED.**  
It expands the chest, and gives free respiration to the lungs.  
Will keep your shoulders straight.  
Does no disarrange the shirt bosom.  
Cannot slip off the shoulders.  
There is less strain on the buttons of the trousers than with common Braces.  
Each section of the trousers can be adjusted independently.  
By means of the Adjustable Back Strap, a gentle or powerful Brace can be obtained.  
Attaches to the trousers at the same points that the ordinary brace does.  
In rainy weather the trousers can be raised from the heel without affecting the front.

This Brace, in its peculiar construction, has all the advantages of **A SHOULDER BRACE AND SKIRT SUPPORTER COMBINED.**  
It expands the chest, and gives free respiration to the lungs.  
Will keep the shoulders straight.  
Relieves back, hips, and abdominal organs, by suspending the entire weight of the skirts from the shoulders.  
Entirely relieves the dragging down, weary feeling, and imparts new life to the wearer.  
Is invaluable for growing children at studies, preventing all tendency to round shoulders, strengthening the voice and lungs, and improving the figure.  
Is worn without any inconvenience whatever, and is a positive comfort to the wearer.

When ordering, please send Measurement of Chest.

POST FREE, IN QUALITIES, 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s., and 8s.  
P.O. ORDERS PAYABLE AT GRACECHURCH STREET.

## J. D. HANBURY.

Head Depot:—79, GRACECHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.  
Central Agency:—43, New Bridge Street, Ludgate Circus, E.C.  
\* West End Agency:—22, HANWAY STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.  
\* A LADY ASSISTANT ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE.  
Ladies' Agency for North London:—81, MILDMAY ROAD, N.



**I. LEWIS & CO.,**  
**PAPER HANGINGS**  
Manufacturers,  
Wholesale and Retail,  
60, SWAN STREET,  
Three doors from Rochdale Road, and opposite Smithfield Market, MANCHESTER.  
**PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, CENTRES, AND ALL DECORATIONS.**  
OILS, PAINTS, COLOURS, VARNISHES, PAINTERS' BRUSHES, AND ALL PAINTERS' SUNDRIES.  
60, SWAN STREET,  
Three doors from Rochdale Road, and opposite Smithfield Market, MANCHESTER.  
Paper Hangings from 2 1/2d. per 12 yards.  
The Trade most liberally dealt with.

## ZUCCO.

We again beg to draw attention to this Wine, which we had the pleasure to bring before the notice of the public for the first time last year. It is a Pure, Natural, Light Wine of Madeira character, without any spirit added, the produce of the Sicilian Estates of the Duc D'Aumale.

We have pleasure in being able to announce that we can now reduce the price to

**24s. per dozen.**

**JAMES SMITH & COMPANY,**  
WINE MERCHANTS,  
26, MARKET STREET,  
MANCHESTER.

Liverpool: 9, Lord Street.  
Birmingham: 28, High Street.

**CHESHIRE LINES.**  
**CHEAP RETURN TICKETS**  
Are issued every Saturday from **MANCHESTER (CENTRAL STATION) TO LIVERPOOL** By the 8-30 and 2-30 p.m. Trains.  
Returning from Liverpool at 7-30, 8-30, or 9-30 p.m. same day.  
ALSO ON SUNDAYS, By the 9-30 a.m. and 2-0 p.m. Trains.  
Returning from Liverpool at 6-30 or 9-30 p.m. same day.  
Fares for the Double Journey:—  
Third Class.....6s. 0d. | First Class .....8s. 0d.  
WILLIAM ENGLISH, Manager.  
**LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.**  
NEW AND DIRECT ROUTE TO THE ISLE OF MAN, VIA FLEETWOOD.  
**TOURIST TICKETS, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class,** will be issued from July 1st to September 14th, 1878, by Train leaving Manchester (Victoria Station) at 12 noon, arriving at Douglas about 5-30 p.m.—See bills for further particulars.  
WM. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.  
June, 1878.

**Great Northern, & Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railways.**

**OPENING OF ART MUSEUM, NOTTINGHAM CASTLE,**  
BY THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES  
**THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES**  
OPENING OF NEW DIRECT LINE, NEWARK TO NOTTINGHAM.

**ON WEDNESDAY, 3rd July, a CHEAP EXCURSION TO NOTTINGHAM, for ONE or TWO DAYS, will run as under:—**  
Manchester (London-rd.), dep. 6-0 a.m.; Oldham (Chag Street), 5-44; Stalybridge, 5-50; Ashton (Park Parade), 5-54; Dukinfield, 5-57; Guide Bridge, 6-15; Newton (Hyde), 6-20; Dinting (for Glossop), 6-35.  
Fares to Nottingham and Back, returning same day—First Class, 8s.; Third Class, 4s. Returning on Thursday, 4th July—First Class, 15s.; Third Class, 7s. 6d.  
Leaves Penistone at 7-10 a.m. Fares to Nottingham and Back, returning same day—First Class, 7s.; Third Class, 3s. 6d. Returning on Thursday, 4th July—First Class, 15s.; Third Class, 6s. 6d.  
Returning from Nottingham (Great Northern Station) at 8-40 p.m. the same day, or any ordinary train on Thursday, 4th July.  
Children under three years of age, free; above three and under twelve, half fares.  
Tickets not transferable, and the Companies will not be responsible for luggage.  
Tickets, bills, and every information can be had in Manchester, at the Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway Booking Offices; also at 4, Brown Street, opposite the Post-office; of Mr. Chamberlain, Botanist's Stores, 148, Oldham Road, opposite the L. & Y. Police Wharf; Miss Smith, 212, Stretford Road, opposite Hulme Town Hall; Mr. Bailey, Post-office, 169, Oxford Street; Messrs. A. Megson & Sons, 107, Market Street; Mr. Wolstenholme, 26, Piccadilly; Mrs. Cooper, Bookbinder, 1, Bridge Street; Mrs. Pring, 162, Stockport Road; Mr. J. H. Lewis, 16, Church Street.  
E. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager, London Road Station, Manchester, June, 1878.

**MONEY ADVANCED,**  
IN SMALL OR LARGE SUMS,  
TO RESPECTABLE HOUSEHOLDERS  
WITHOUT SURETIES.  
No connection with any Loan Office or Agency.  
Apply to **JAMES DAVIES, Hanover Chambers,**  
8, King Street, Manchester.

Printed for the Proprietors by JOHN HARDMAN, at the Ballion Street, and Published at 51, Spear Street, Manchester, June 28th, 1878.  
WHOLESALE AGENTS: John Heywood, W. H. Smith and Sons, and G. Renshaw. LONDON: Abel Heywood and Son, 4, Catherine Street, Strand, W.C.

**Great Reduction in Sewing Machines** at JOHN HOLROYD'S, 159 and 161, GREAT JACKSON STREET, HULL. All the leading Machines kept in Stock, and may be had for CASH or on EASY TERMS from 2/6 per week. Instruction Free.